

The Historie of

Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspur* Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Archbishops Grace of *Yorke*, *Douglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against vs; and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, *Harry* do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neer'st and deereft enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare,
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder *Percy*'s pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.
Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgive them, that so much haue swayed
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percy*'s head:
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my favours in a bloody maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant *Hotspur*, this all-prayed knight,
And your vnthought of *Harry* chance to meet,
For euery honor fitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And

Henrie the

And I will call him to so strida
That he shall render euery glori
Yea, euen the sleightest worshi
Or I will teare the reckoning fro
This in the name of God I prom
The which if he be pleas'd I sha
I do beseech your Maicesty may
The long growne woundes of m
If not, the end of life cancels all
And I will die a hundred thousa
Ere breake the smallest parcell o
King. A hundred thousand re
Thou shalt haue charge, and sou
How now good *Blunt*? thy look

Enter Blunt

Blunt. So hath the busines th
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath
That *Douglas* and the English rel
The eleuenth of this month, at S
A mighty and a fearefull head th
(If promises be kept on euery ha
As euer offered foule play in a fi
King. The Earle of *Westmerlan*
With him my soone Lord *John* of
For this aduertisement is fiue da
On wednesday next *Harry* thou
On Thursday, we our selues wil
Is *Bridgenorth*, and *Harry* you sha
Through *Glocester*-shire, by whi
Our busines valued some twelue
Our generall forces at *Bridgenort*
Our hands are full of busines, le
Advantage feedes him fat, while

Enter Falstaffe

Fal. *Bardoll*, am I not false av
do I not bate? doe I not dwindle
me like an old Ladies loose gown
apple *John*. Well, ile repent, and

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